

J. J. Gammal. 1761. — Gal 4 E E. f. 11/0

O D E S
D E S C R I P T I V E
A N D
A L L E G O R I C A L

Λυπας
Εὐρονιο μεση, και πολυχορδαις
Ωιδαις παυειν.

EURIP. Med.



L O N D O N,
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J.S. Banks



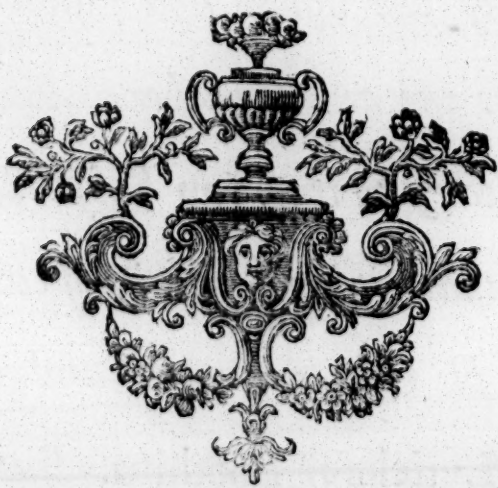
P R E F A C E.

THE proper Subjects of Lyrick Poetry are, according to Horace, the Exploits and Triumphs of Heroes, Love's Cares, and the free Joys of Wine*. In the first of these Pindar stands unrivalled; Sappho and Anacreon have left us Specimens of the last; and Horace has given us Examples both of the one and the other. But though he seems to confine Lyrick Poetry to these two Subjects, he has in his own Writings shewn that it will admit of other Topicks; for the greatest Part of his Odes are moral and sentimental, of which Kind also are the Lyricks of Boethius. But of the descriptive and

* Musa dedit Fidibus Divos, Puerosque Deorum,
Et Pugilem Victorem, et Equum Certamine primum,
Et Juvenum Curas, et libera Vina referre.

HOR. De Art. Poet.

allegorical Ode the Writings of the Ancients afford no Examples : The Choruses of their Drama bear the greatest Similarity to it ; and particularly those of Euripides, in which he is followed by Seneca. This Species of Writing is in almost every Circumstance different from the Pindarick Ode, which has its Foundation in Fact and Reality, that Fact worked up and heightened by a studied Pomp and Grandeur of Expression ; it not only admits of, but requires bold Digressions, abrupt and hasty Transitions : while the other is built intirely upon Fancy, and Ease and Simplicity of Diction are its peculiar Characteristicks.





O D E I.

Addressed to her GRACE the DUTCHES S
of L E E D S.

WHAT tho' yon Laurel, richly dight
In vivid Green its Boughs expand,
Nor for its Verdure dreads the Blight
Of Winter's chilling withering Hand ;

To Titan's Life-dispensing Ray
Its deathless Pride the Laurel owes ;
With Verdure ever fresh and gay
He cloaths the Branch that wreaths his Brows.

So, artless Muse, shall candid Fame
Bear the swift Stream of Time along
Thy honoured Page, if LEEDS's Name
Protect the light descriptive Song.

That Page let no loose Hints profane,
Nor Vice's paultry Plaudit seek :
For ever perish may the Strain,
That wakes the Blush in Virtue's Cheek.

Tho' wild as Fancy rove the Lay,
Let Virtue guide thy vagrant Flight ;
Be every Thought thy Tints pourtray,
Pure as the lucid Beams of Light.

So may the chasteft Vestal's Ear
No Flaw in all thy Numbers find ;
So shall thy polished Page appear
An Emblem fair of LEEDS's Mind.



O D E II.

ARISTOTLE'S PÆAN TO VIRTUE imitated.

I.

VIRTUE, stern Tutrefs, hail ;
Hail thou, whose Guidance trains
In Life's rough Paths the delegated Youth ;
Each Thought, each enterprising Deed arraigns
At the Tribunal of impartial Truth :
What Charms attractive grace thy modest Mein,
Or in Religion's Snow-white Veil,
Or unstained Robes of Honour drest ;
Thy Eye how bold, yet mild ; how rigid, yet serene !
Thine, Virgin, was the genial Fire,
That glowed in each Heroick Breast ;
And prompted to aspire,

On Merit's Field to win an honoured Name
In the bright Annals of distinguished Fame :
Bade them the deathless Crown of Glory seize ;
The Crown, that, cull'd from Labour's arduous Grove,
The Sister Graces for his Temples wove,
Who dared, amidst a loose and venal State,
Look down superior to th' alluring Bait,
And spurn the sluggard Bed of downy Ease.

II.

Oh say what Soul-supporting Thought
In that dread Hour inspir'd th' *Athenian* Sage ;
When, Victim to a Faction's Rage,
Unmoved he quaffed the fatal Bowl :
Thy Influence fortified his Soul,
And tempered to his Taste the bitter Draught.
Robed in Religion's purer Vest,
Whilst every heightened Charm more fair appeared,
Martyrs thy consecrated Form confessed,
Hailed Truth's bright Dictates, and thy Power revered.

Nor

Nor Lure, nor Threats their fixt Resolves could shake,
For thee they soared above the narrow Views,
The Scenes that more contracted Minds amuse,
And smiled amidst the Tortures of the Stake.

III.

Estranged from Pleasure's soft Embrace,
Whoe'er aspires in Glory's Race
By Proof of many a noble Deed
To win the Prize for him decreed
Who Virtue's Height attains :
His Name the Muse, chaste Virtue's Friend,
Shall bid, emblazed in purest Strains,
To the bold Arch of Heaven ascend :
And whilst the Golden Numbers flow,
Where all the Graces all their Influence breathe ;
Fair Fame with never-fading Wreath
Shall deck his laurelled Brow.

O D E III.
T O C O N T E N T.

HAPPY the Man, whose fixt Disdain
Looks down upon the Blaze of Courts ;
Where all that sparkles in the Train
Of Pride resorts.

Fair-faced Deceit with borrowed Grace
There frames her Soul-entangling Wiles ;
There Slander masks her haggard Face
In Friendship's Smiles.

Adieu to all the World calls great,
To all the Cares of crested Pride ;
Fixes the Muse her peaceful Seat
This Rill beside.

This Rill, whose Banks the smiling Year
Purples : where emblematick growes
Of Life's mixt Path, a Brier here,
And there a Rose :

This

O D E III.

7

This crystal Rill, a Poet's Care,
As thine, *Blandusia*, famed of old ;
No modern Friend so flattering fair,
So very cold.

And come, Content, the Soul of Love,
Whose Mien, and Air, and Looks confess
Native Simplicity, above
The Pomp of Dress.

O come, for in thy circling Arms
I mean to bid Adieu to Care,
Unmoved by Hope's delusive Charms
Or wild Despair.

There shall new Joys the Time beguile,
The Hours improving as they flow,
Built on no vain capricious Smile

Of Fortune's Brow.

Tho' round me in a vague Career
Unbodied Forms of Greatness fly,
The ruby-spangled Visions ne'er
Shall catch my Eye.

The brightest Spark, the purest Ray,
That from the Car of Glory beams,
Shall not my easy Soul betray
With Golden Dreams.

Not all gay Pleasure's *Siren* Arts
Shall win me from the Life I prize ;
Tho' Love insidious point his Darts
With *Stella's* Eyes.

Content shall cheer this lone Retreat,
Secure shall stand my humble Bower ;
While on more splendid Mansions beat
The Storms of Power.



O D E IV.

TO AMBITION.

O'ER Midnight Glafs, or by the Fair
 In Dalliance foft careft ;
 Without a Thought, without a Care
 To difcompofe their Reft,
 The meaner Herd exulting pant to rove
 The flowery Paths of Pleasure's fairy Grove :

While more determined Bosoms glow
 With high Ambition's Fires ;
 Source of whate'er is great below,
 The Grave of mean Defires :
 Adieu for them the Pleasure-winged Hour,
 Adieu the Bed of Eafe, the Paphian Bow'r !

Tho' rough the Paths that lead to Fame,
Their Steps no Toils dismay ;
Ambition aids the generous Aim,
And smoothes the rugged Way :
With all its Lustre bids bright Virtue shine,
And into Action wakes the big Design.

What breaks th' aspiring Statesman's Rest ?
What gives the Muse to sing ?
Ambition wakes his anxious Breast,
And plumes her towering Wing :
Instructs the feeble Monarch how to bear
The Crown, and all the Thorns that fasten there.

The General's wakeful Bosom fires,
And guards the jealous Camp ;
The Scholar's flattering Hope inspires,
And trims the Midnight Lamp :
The Pride of Arts from fair Ambition springs,
And blooms secure beneath her fostering Wings.

Oft, Goddess, as thy genial Ray
Pervades the feeling Heart,
Love trembling quits his sensual Sway,
And drops his feeble Dart :
The Flowers, that in the Paphian Garden grow,
Fade in the Wreath that rounds the Hero's Brow.

Pleasure retreats with wanton Smiles,
And Strength-unnerving Eyes ;
Hoping in vain by Parthian Wiles
To conquer as she flies :
Sloth with Reluctance quits her foul Embrace,
Rough Care and manly Toil assume her Place.

Virtue with firm quaternion Band
His eager Steps precedes ;
A Flambeau grasping in her Hand,
To light to glorious Deeds :
The Sister-Train his Toils with Glory crown,
And point the arduous Paths to fair Renown.

By these inspired young *Scipio* trod
To Fame th' adventurous Way ;
“ By Love, he cried, let Paphos' God
The softer Soul betray ;
A nobler Quarry lures the Hero's Eye : ”
He spoke, and bade th' unconquered Eagle fly.

Hence then, ye Slaves, whom Ease delights ;
To yon lone Cloyster stray,
Where monkish Apathy invites,
To doze tame Life away :
True Worth, that spurns the Hermit's fluggard Cell,
In Glory's active Courts delights to dwell.





O D E V.

To the A T H E I S T.

EXPATIATE long in nice Debate,
On Chance, Necessity, and Fate ;
With learned Lucretius stray
In Epicurus' magick Grove,
Where the self-motioned Atoms rove
In mazy mysttick Play.

Some vain Hypothesis admit,
The specious Cobweb-Work of Wit ;
And daringly deny
What every Object round avows,
What every Act of Reason shews,
An all-wise Deity.

The clearest Evidence contest,
Divinely stamped on every Breast,
 Since Time was taught to roll ;
In Error's gloomy Coverts stray,
From Truth's indisputable Ray
 Remote, as Pole from Pole.

So shuts the moping Bird of Night
Her feeble Eyes against the Light,
 That glads the chearful Day ;
And when prevailing Darkness reigns,
Thro' Groves obscene, or dreary Plains
 She Wings her dubious Way.

Consult the blue Expanse on high,
The Blush that paints the Morning Sky,
 The Cloud that nimbly rides,
The Orbs that mark with Lustre bright
The spangled Mantle of the Night,
 Who there supreme resides.

Question the gaudy Flowers around,
That scent the Air, or paint the Ground,
Whose Influence they obey ;
Whose Hand imparts the various Dyes,
At whose Command they bud and rise,
At whose Command decay.

Say ye on Down, or Mountain steep,
That stately tread, or lowly creep,
And ye ærial Throng ;
That chear the Woodland Scene and Fields
With vocal Strains ; whose Bounty yields,
Or Sustenance or Song.

Who, in the Ocean's waste Domain,
The Tenants of the watry Plain
With liberal Hand supplies ?
The Floods in icy Fetters binds,
Smooths the rough Surge, and lulls the Winds,
Or bids the Tempest rise ?

Nature

Nature in every mystick Scene
Declares a plastick Author's Reign :

Above the Morning's Wings,
Beyond the Seas remotest Tides,
Beneath the deedal Earth resides
Th' Almighty King of Kings.





ODE VI.

To the MEMORY of a Deceased FRIEND.

THE Sun was set, the Eve with ruffet Veil
 Curtained the lucid Beauties of the Sky ;
 The fading Landscapes, painted Mount and Dale,
 Wrapt in rude Darkness undistinguished lie :
 Pale Death, as slowly moved the conscious Night,
 Stalked grimly forth, intent with withering Blight
 To crop the Blossom in its youthful Hour,
 Than which in Virtue's Garden bloomed no fairer Flower.

Low in a Vale sequestered from the Throng
 Of Folly's Sons, the Muses' loved Resort ;
 A laureled Youth, famed *Isis*' Banks along,
 Held with the lovely Graces gay Disport.

Science his Temples with the Wreath impaled,
But ah ! the sacred Girland nought availed,
Tho' culled from Learning's every choicest Flower,
For he must Victim fall to Death's relentless Power.

His Guardian Virtues saw the prowling Fiend,
And trembling round their favourite Charge repair ;
For every Virtue was to him a Friend,
For every Virtue was his earliest Care.
By Love unnerved his Arm sustained the Shield
Of Chastity ; where, on an argent Field,
Three Virgins stood embossed, a radiant Train ;
Pure Emblem of his Heart, without or Speck or Stain.

Nor was the Sister Virtue absent thence,
Temperance, who halted from her rural Bower,
And buckled on her Breast-Plate, rare Defence !

Yet vain 'gainst Fate's indisputable Power.
Patience, a Nymph of Air, sedate and free,
Came sheathed in adamantine Panoply ;

Beneath

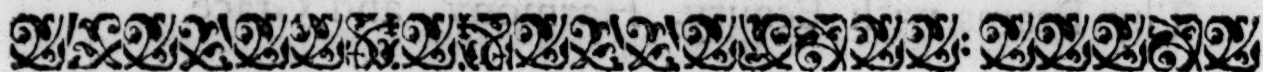
Beneath her Victor Foot couched frantick Pain,
And oft indignant strove to break the captive Chain.

- “ This radiant Armour, gentle Youth, she cried,
“ From every Throb of bitter Pain shall free;
“ ’Tis heavenly fashioned, and the Metal tried
“ In the fierce Forge of rough Adversity.
“ Against the Breast thus fortified, in vain
“ Stern Fortune shall her teeming Quiver drain,
“ In vain shall launch her missive Weapons round;
“ The vengeful Shaft may strike, but has no Power to wound.”

The Fiend, with ghastly Grin as he drew near,
Marking their vain, their pious Care, stretched forth
His clay cold Hand, and to th’ untimely Bier
Snatched this fair Sample of untainted Worth.
So Boreas, pouring from some northern Clime,
Crops the fair Lilly in its early Prime,
While neighbouring Weeds the Blast’s vain Fury foil,
And spread their Rankness round, the Nuisance of the Soil.

T' emblaze his Name of Fancy's gaudy Wing,
 Thro' Fiction's Realms the Muse disdains to rove;
 Content the votive Wreath of Praise to bring,
 Culled for his Brows from Truth's unfading Grove:
 A Wreath, that mocks foul Rumour's rancorous Spite,
 Nor has the Tooth of Envy where to bite;
 So bloomed each social Virtue in his Breast,
 He was by Nature formed to bless, and to be blest.

Such *Colin* was: ah me, the darling Theme
 Calls forth the bursting Tear, the heaving Sigh;
 But in sad Silence flows the deepest Stream,
 While shallow Currents loudly murmur by.
 Thus sung the Swain; and Shame the Muse attend,
 That leaves unwept, unsung the Muse's Friend;
 That breaths no Sigh melodious o'er his Hearse,
 Suspends at Friendship's Shrine no consecrated Verse.



ODE VII.

To LIGHT. Addressed to a FRIEND*.

OH when shall these imprisoned Orbs again
Behold the bland Approach of dawning Day ;
What Time emerging from the briny Main
The Sun reflects his Heart-enlivening Ray !

Of Him, eternal uncreated Source

Of all that's great and good, hail Effluence bright !
That swift as Fancy shaped thy rapid Course,
When at th' Almighty Fiat all was Light.

From Pole to Pole tho' shoot the active Mind,

The fair Creation if the Eye surveys ;
Nothing in Nature's Volume shall we find,
That better speaks its plastick Author's Praise.

Thy Beams with Beauty, Harmony, and Grace
Checquer each Scene in the revolving Year ;
Wake every vivid Charm in Nature's Face,
That else one universal Blank must wear.

How have I joyed to view the sloping Hill,
It's Summit gilded with the Morning's Dawn ;
The dancing Beam reflected from the Rill,
And chearful Verdure of the velvet Lawn !

Now, sad Vicissitude ! the lustrous Ray
Beams not for me ; an undistinguished Reign
Holds ebon-sceptered Darkness, vainly gay
Bright Nature smiles, and Beauty blooms in vain.

On *Stella's* Cheek in vain the Roses blow,
In vain his Bow of Myrtle o'er her Eyes
Bends Love ; my Breast, nor Rose, nor arched Brow
Transports ; in vain the missive Arrow flies.

To Fancy's Bower I lead the blushing Maid,
There weave the flowery Chaplet for her Hair ;
But ah, how soon the Flowers of Fancy fade,
And nothing leave but Darknefs and Despair !

To thee, * kind Minister of Nature, fues
The drooping Muse ; these Lamps of Life defend
From Darknefs drear. Who pities not the Muse ?
The God of Phyfick is the Muse's Friend.





O D E VIII.

TO MELANCHOLY.

REMOTE from those enchanting Bowers,
 Where dance the nimble-footed Hours,
 Where revels frantick Folly ;
 To thee I bring the Tribute Tear,
 Visits the Muse thy Mansions drear,
 Heart-searching Melancholy.

By thee inspired, by Fancy led,
 Thy hallowed Ground I seem to tread,
 Where o'er the joyless Plain
 The Æther sheds its blackest Hue,
 And here and there a lonely Yew
 Marks Melancholy's Reign.

Where

Where chearful Gales forget to blow,
 Pellucid Currents cease to flow,
 The cloud capped Mountain's Height
 All Avenues of the dreary Way
 Secures from each pervading Ray
 Of Soul-enlivening Light.

Where Grief sad social Solace seeks,
 The Rose has fled her meagre Cheeks,
 And hollow is her Eye ;
 Care on her Lap reclines his Head,
 Whilst hovering round the restless Bed
 The winged Chimeras fly.

Racked with ideal Tortures Spleen
 A thousand Fiends unknown, unseen,
 With shadowy Falcheons scare ;
 This rends her Breast, that goads her Sides,
 And every Hag of Fancy rides
 The Phantom thro' the Air.

E

Hark

Hark softly stealing on the Ear
The hollow Sigh, the dropping Tear,
The Mufick of Despair ;
Not Lovers Sorrow-mocking Sighs,
Or mimick Grief that melts the Eyes
Of youthful widowed Fair.

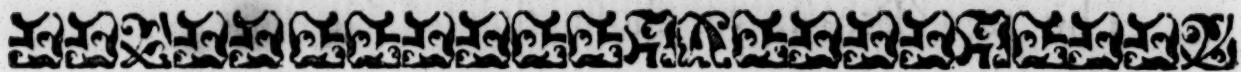
Sorrows that Orphan Bosoms pierce,
Poured o'er a tender Parent's Hearse,
Snatched by un pitying Fate ;
No fostering Hand's kind Solace nigh,
Each Summer Friend with wayward Eye
Surveys their helpless State.

Thus the vague Group of vernal Flies,
While *Titan* gilds the cloudless Skies,
Sport in the glistering Ray :
The splendid Scene once overcast
By lowering Cloud, or adverse Blast,
Each Insect veers away.

When

When Pleasure's madding Tide o'erflows
The rapt Breast, to those doleful Cells
Of Misery let me stray ;
There shall Thought-fostering Solitude,
Whilst no fantastick Joys intrude,
Each devious Step recall to Virtue's rugged Way.





O D E IX.

On E N V Y.

I.

BENEATH yon Chain of barren Rocks,
Where niggard Nature ne'er unlocks

One Hoard of chearful Green ;

The brown Yew forms a gloomy Shade,

The blasted Oak erects its Head,

A dreary wasteful Scene.

Oh haste, oh fly, th' accursed Cell,

Where Envy's fiendly Faction dwell ;

Else shall her Glance, malignant cast,

The fairest Shoots of Merit blast :

He risks his Ease, who ventures nigh

The baleful Witchcraft of her Eye.

II. Ev'n

II.

Ev'n now from her infernal dark Abyfs,
 At Merit's Name ſhe lifts her Head,
 At Merit's Name prepared to ſhed
 Their Influence all her ſnaky Treſſes hiſs.
 Ev'n now the languid Mind oppreſt,
 Droops under Horrors damp and chill,
 Whilſt heaves the Sigh from the diſtended Breſt,
 Slow winds the Tide of Life along each azure Rill.
 Arife, my Muſe, the chorded Shell prepare,
 Awake the drowſy String;
 For thou canſt lull the gathering Storms of Care,
 Thou canſt diſarm dire Envy of her Sting,
 And ſmooth the haggard Brow of fel Deſpair.

III.

Ah ſtrange Reverse of honeſt Joys!
 The pale-eyed Fiend elate
 Smiles, if Adverſity annoys
 Her Neighbour's hapleſs State.

Yet

Yet Spleen oppressive marring her Chear ;

And signs the bitter Day.:

For Envy drops the scalding Tear,

When all the World is gay.

The Tenant of some narrow Mind,

She bids Suspicion launch the Dart ;

Whilst all her secret Powers combined

Excite the poignant Smart.

Slow halts Ill-nature in the Rear,

That Poisons as she probes the Wound,

And Rumour's noisome Breath is near,

To waft the Poison round.

I. I.

Say, *Theron*, yet shall torpid Fear

Obstruct thy Virtue's high Career,

Shall Envy's Menace wrest

Thy Merit's well directed Aim,

And quench the noble Thirst of Fame

That warms thy youthful Breast ?

Oh no: pursue the glorious Road
A Bacon, Hide, and Osborne trod:
Her snaky Head tho' Envy rear,
Fame's Eagle Wing thy Name shall bear
O'er black Oblivion's frozen Sea,
Ranked with great Chiefs of old in Immortality.





O D E X.

T O H E A L T H.

HENCE meagre pale Disease,
 From the crude Banquets of Intemperance bred ;
 Nursed in the sluggard Bed,
 And folded in the Arms of pampered Ease :
 Hence to *Bæotian* Bogs ;
 Whence humid *Auster* on his dropping Wings
 Gross Exhalations brings,
 Where rank *Effluvia* from the marshy Brake,
 Or murky stagnate Lake
 Pregnant with Ills arise in misty Fogs.
 And come, *Hygeia*, bland and fair,
 Flushed with the Glow of Morning Air ;

With

With coral Lip and sparkling Eye,
Complexion of enfanguined Dye ;
With chearful Smile, and open Brow,
Where Care could ne'er one Furrow plough ;
With steady Step; and Aspect sleek,
The Rose that glows on *Stella's* Cheek,
And snowy Bosom, whence exhales
The Sweetness of *Etesian* Gales.

In *Sylvan* Scenes is thy Delight,
To climb the towering Mountain's Height,
Or blithely on thy native Plain,
To gambol with the *Dryad* Train.
Those Plains, where in unguarded Hour
Far from the Ken of her chaste Bower,
As o'er the Dew-bespangled Glade
Roved Temperance the Mountain Maid ;
She stopped, in fixt Attention viewing
Lusty Exercise pursuing ;

F

With

With missive Shaft and beechen Spear,
Thro' opening Lawns the trembling Deer.
The God surveys the musing Dame,
The Lover quits his flying Game :
His Tresses dropped with Morning Dew,
While to the Wood-Nymph's Arms he flew ;
And from their hale Embraces sprung
Hygeia, ever fair and young.

Long, Virgin, may thy genial Fire
Each late exhausted Vein inspire,
The crimson Tide of Life renew,
And give to glide in Channels blue.
Thee Wit and Mirth spontaneous serve,
That give a Tone to every Nerve,
Invoke thee, Harmony's bright Queen,
To tune the disarranged Machine.
The Glow of *Titan's* orient Ray
Thy happy Pencil shall pourtray

With

With Grace more exquisite, than lies
In *Guido's* Air, or *Titian's* Dyes ;
Hence the pale Hue of Sickneſs chaſe,
And call up each reviving Grace.
O'er which as late with haggard Hand
Conſumption ſhook her magick Wand ;
Nature's laſt Debt prepared to pay
Youth's drooping Flowers 'gan fade away.
No crimſon Hue was ſeen to glow,
The ſtagnate Blood forgot to flow ;
Their Luſtre fled, the languid Eyes
Stood fixt in motionleſs Surpriſe ;
Each Senſe ſeemed loſt in endleſs Night,
The trembling Soul was winged for Flight :
Which Death's rude Shaft had half ſet free
In unconceived Eternity.

Then, *Varus*, was the Power diſplayed
Of Medicine's Heaven directed Aid.

Verfed in each Drug's balsamick Ufe
The *Dædal* Soils of Earth produce,
In every Flower of every Hue,
And Herb that drinks the Morning Dew,
Thy lenient Hand allayed each Throw,
And gave a milder Face to Woe :
Bade the bold Pulse elaftick play,
The Eye emit its vivid Ray,
Called back the flitting Life again,
And Health inspired thro' every Vein.

Again thrills with her genial Zeft
Each Nerve ; again my languid Breaft
Vifits the Cherub Joy. For this
May thy auspicious Art ne'er mifs,
Oft as the Fair for Charms decayed
Implores thy falutary Aid,
To fmooth the lovely Mourner's Brow,
And bid reviving Beauties glow ;

To

To sooth the tender Parent's Cries,
And wipe the Tears from infant Eyes.

But chief, my Muse, with reverent Awe
To Him, whose Will is Nature's Law,
Thy Hymns of Gratulation pay,
To Him direct the Tribute Lay.
From whom derives the balmy Pill
Its Virtues, the Phyfician Skill :
That o'er each Act and Thought presides,
Directs his Hand, his Counsel guides.
Else Medicine's unavailing Store
Shall vainly glide thro' every Pore,
Thro' every Pore the mineral Rill
In vain its gifted Powers instill.

Father divine, eternal King,
To Thee I wake the trembling String :
If mad Ambition ne'er misled.

In Paths, where Virtue dares not tread,

My

My vagrant Step ; if sordid Views
Ne'er won the prostituted Muse ;
For others let *Paetolus* flow,
Let Honour wreathe another's Brow :
Health I intreat ; whose jocund Throng
Wantons each laughing Grace among ;
With Health the dancing Minutes crowned
The Field of all my Wishes bound.





O D E XI.

T O H O P E.

HENCE, Fiend of horrid Mien,
 Whose bugbear Phantoms haunt the clouded Breast,
 The calm of Life molest,
 And torture with ideal Pangs of Spleen :
 With downcast Eye, that ne'er
 Aspires above the Ground ; hence, Melancholy,
 “ ’Mongst Shrieks and Sights unholy”
 Thy hateful Orgies hold ; or happily find
 The dark Assassin’s Mind,
 Be that thy Seat, plant all thy Daggers there.
 But, Hope, fair Child of Phantasy,
 Tho’ ever absent, ever nigh,
 With waxen Taper beaming bright
 Auspicious chear my ravished Sight ;

For thy gay Prospects Pleasure crowns
Beyond the Pale of Fortune's Frowns.

Enchanting Dreams and fond Desires

The Radiance of thy Beams inspires ;

That nearer as they tend decay,

And in Fruition fade away.

Thou art not of the servile Fry

Of Dunghill-nested Flattery ;

That meanly cringes at the Gate

Where swells the Pomp of gilded State,

While Virtue lays her lowly Head

Beneath an unfrequented Shed.

Thy honest Beams to all dispense

Fond Flattery's lulling Influence,

Softens Affliction's bitterest Throw,

And bring a Balm for every Woe.

Oh let thy Care-beguiling Ray

In fond Illusion round me play ;

Nor

Nor on thy rosy Pinions borne
Desert me here a Wretch forlorn ;
Of thee bereft in gloomy Cell,
The Sister *Cave* of blackest Hell,
With Hair upreared, and stony Eyes,
'Midst doleful Shrieks and hollow Sighs
To trace thro' Avenues of Care
The dark Abodes of dread Despair.
That Phantom vain I cast behind
To Ocean drear or empty Wind
For thee, whose Heart-enlivening Gleam
Gilds the gay Courtier's splendid Dream ;
The Statesman's anxious Bosom warms
With Glory's light ideal Charms,
While Fancy stamps upon his Name
A *Cecil's* or a *Bethune's* Fame.

Lured by that Ore's resplendent Hue,
That marks the Veins of rich *Peru*,

The Sailor quits his Bed of Ease,
Alert to roam the treacherous Seas ;
His Life for flattering Hopes resigned
A Victim to each veering Wind.
Another in the rattling Car
Sweeps to the Work of wasteful War ;
There gives his brazen Throat to roar,
While blood-stained Slaughter shuts the Door
Of Pity ; o'er th' embattled Plain
Tho' Danger threat and Terror reign,
Their Giant Forms in vain assail,
Hope steels his Breast in triple Mail.
Thus thro' the World's tempestuous Tide
The fickle Bark of Life we guide ;
No hideous Shapes of Fear dismay,
But pleasing Prospects smoothe the Way,
If thy bright Influence gild our Sky,
The Cynosure of every Eye.

On some lone unfrequented Shore
Place me, where lashing Surges roar,
Where each hoar Mountain's shaggy Brow
Is mantled deep in fleecy Snow,
Or Drought embrowns the thirsty Lands
In *Africk's* waste and barren Sands :
While float no Bird's wild-warbling Strains
Along the melancholy Plains,
And human Vestige none is found
To mark th' inhospitable Ground.
Still on the Wings of Hope I'll dare
Th' *Icarian* Flight thro' trackless Air ;
While swift as *Sol's* descending Ray
Impetuous Fancy shapes the Way
To *Albion's* Cliffs, to *Isis'* Plain,
Where Liberty and Science reign.

Should Fortune in fantastick Sport
Decoy me to the busy Court ;

With Ostentation false and vain,
And airy Fame's ideal Train,
And Promises as vain as these,
There cheat me of my present Ease :
Or to that Mansion dark and drear
A Prison's hollow Wasteness bear ;
Where Time's dank Hand in Filth obscene
Paints naked Walls with mildewed Green,
Where the proud Porter Scorn awaits,
And Grief sits staring thro' the Grates :
Yet chearful Hope's benignant Ray
Shall chase each gloomy Thought away,
His Taper trim shall glad my Eye
With pristine Ease and Liberty.

See *Phæbus* thro' the waning Year
His fiery-footed Coursers bear
From *Libra's* Equinox, to shed
His genial Warmth on *Scorpio's* Head.

Whilst

Whilst *Age's* Hand, imprest on all
Rich Nature's Works, has sealed their Fall ;
From each gay Leaf the Verdure flies,
The drooping Foliage fades and dies :
I read in Nature's Ethick Plan,
How short, how fleet the Life of Man.
Oh now, fond Flatterer, now diffuse
Thy genial Sparks, and rouse the Muse,
Check her mean Fears, and hush each Sigh,
Give her to stretch her Eagle Eye
To Mansions, whence the Mind serene
Shall view this sublunary Scene ;
Unshocked at that tremendous Day,
When Nature's Works shall melt away.
There throned in yon' Empyrean Sky
Above the Ken of mortal Eye,
Unbounded by the starry Pole,
Transports refined shall touch the Soul ;
Pure as from Source celestial Spring,
And mock the Reach of Fancy's Wing.

Oft

Oft as chill Horror damps the Mind
In Matter's sluggish Cell confined ;
Such pleasing Prospects, Hope, inspire,
And the rapt Muse shall catch the Fire :
To Themes like these attune the String,
And decent Awe shall prune her Wing.





O D E XII.

T O R E T R E A T.

TH E Mariner, from farthest *Ind*
That homeward ploughs his pathless Way,
The Sport of every laughing Wind
Mid rude rough Nights, and many a toilsome Day,
Not with more Joy thro' ambient Clouds descries
His native *Albion's* chalky Summits rise :
Not with more Joy the Myrtle Bower,
Where Pleasure wings the flying Hour,
Th' impatient Lover views ;
Than Fields and Woods,
The green Hill's Slope, the Fall of Floods,
Th' enfranchised Muse

I

Her

Her Bliss to rove
Thro' Nature's unfrequented Glades,
Assembling where th' *Aonian* Maids
Chaunt their soft Carols to the echoing Grove.
There while the pensive Bard expatiates free
On all the Wonders each rich Scene displays ;
Rapt with the Wonders the charmed Eye surveys,
On fairy Ground he seems to tread
By Nature's blithesome Handmaid led,
Led by the guiding Hand of meek Philosophy.

Too long by flattering Hopes confined
Amidst the Medley of Mankind,
That with the Spawn of Folly's *Hydra* Breed
People this goodly Town,
The roving Muse at length is freed
From all its Nonsense, Pride, and Noise,
And looks on all its glittering Toys
Contemptuous down.

Adieu

Adieu the pert bold Face, where never glows
A Blush, but what the mimick *Rouge* bestows ;
Where with the Rose no Snow driven Lilly strives,
Save what *the beautifying Fluid* gives.
Adieu ye Things, kind Nature made
But Fools, and Fashion Beaux ;
By far more beauteous and more fair
Yon blooming Hawthorn fans the Air
In Nature's simple Dress arrayed,
Without vain Art's fantastick Aid
In far more gorgeous Robes yon prouder Tulip glows.
Adieu the Tongue, that washes white
The Wretch as *Æthiop* foul and black ;
But when that *Æthiop* turns his Back,
Not Slander's self so quick to bite.
Adieu the Cit, whose ruder Mind
No Beam of Science e'er refined ;
Who shakes his Sides at Poverty and Rags,
And measures Merit by the deepest Bags.

H

When

When Midnight Winds concussive roar,
And hoarsely grates the jarring Door ;
Roused with vain Fears he starts, he flies,
Flies to the Soul-entrancing Chest,
Where his imprisoned Minions rest,
And as the glittering Dirt he eyes,
“ Thou art my God,” the fordid Votary cries.

Bear me, kind Powers, to storied Streams,
And Walks, that wake poetick Dreams ;
To Fields, where haunt the Muses’ Train,
Where *Isis* pours some vagrant Rill ;
Or where the Graces love to reign
With *Grenville* at *Shrub-Hill*.

Yet Envy’s Powers shall ne’er distend
My Breast, tho’ rest reposed my Head
’Mid ruder Glades in some low Shed,
Straw be the Roof, the Walls of Clay ;
Let but the good and virtuous say,

“ Beneath that Shed there lives a Friend.”

F I N I S.

ERRATA

Page	Ver.	For	Read
12.	9.	<i>invites,</i>	<i>invites</i>
17.	11.	<i>laureled</i>	<i>laureled</i>
18.	14.	<i>Temperance,</i>	<i>Temperance;</i>
ibid.	17.	<i>Air,</i>	<i>Air</i>
19.	15.	<i>northern</i>	<i>frozen</i>
21.	7.	<i>shaped</i>	<i>shapedst</i>
28.	7.	<i>fly,</i>	<i>fly</i>
29.	13.	<i>fel</i>	<i>fell</i>
30.	1.	<i>Chear;</i>	<i>Chear,</i>
37.	17.	<i>mifled.</i>	<i>mifled</i>

